

The Dark Side of the Moon

It was a Moon festival in September
We gathered by the camp fire
Singing to the tune of Elvis
The shining beam of the full Moon
Lightening up the night sky

I want to sleep with you on the sand dune tonight
With a billion stars all around
But that was just a dream
Just a dream

I opened up the window
And stared at the Moon
I then heard voices from the distance
“Welcome to the dark side of the Moon
Such a lovely place, what a fantasy”

I’m constantly reminded of the colour of my heart
They say mine is painted black
I said: “I don’t think so”
Just go and ask my Heavenly Love
We tangoed together for 10 long years

Now I want to live on the dark side of the Moon
So I can escape from society’s lies
So I can turn deaf ears to departmental lies
Those damn departmental lies
So no one can hear the sound of my tears
And no one can see me cry

I then heard voices from the distance
“Welcome to the dark side of the Moon
Such a lovely place, what a fantasy”

One day my Angel will fly you
To the dark side of the Moon
We’ll be dancing in the dark
And make love in the dark

We couldn’t see each other
But we could smell each other
And taste each other
And kiss each other

I then heard voices from the distance
“Welcome to the dark side of the Moon
Such a lovely place, what a fantasy”

I want sleep with you on the Moon tonight
With billion stars all around
But that was just a dream
Just a dream

But I haven't given up my dream
'Cause I try, and I try, and I try, and I try
The crowd gathered at Hotel Beverly Hills
Chanting: “we want Randy, We want Randy ...”
High is the risk of striking out
The risk of getting hurt
But I know in the end it'll all be worthwhile

I then heard voices down the corridor
“Welcome to Hotel Beverly Hills
Such a lovely place, what a fantasy”

Then Randy was trying to get an early night
To watch the football on TV (a bad ideas garage)
I was running to the door
And the night man said: “you can check out anytime
But you can never leave.”

As the full Moon raises
I think to myself the Chamber could be heaven
Or it could be paradise
So I zip up my boot, slide in my stretch jeans
Slip on a matching shirt, and slot in a CD
And I'm driving on the highway
And I say: “I'm never gonna leave”

(adapted from various songs)